

THE IDEA



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BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

March 19—K. S. U. vs. L. H. S.
at Stoll Field—K. S. U. 10, L. H. S., 3.
March 23.—K. S. U. vs. St. S. at
Stoll Field—K. S. U. 12, St. S. 0—5
innings.
March 30.—K. S. U. vs. St. S. at
Stoll Field.
April 8.—K. S. U. vs. Colts at Stoll
Field.
April 6.—K. S. U. vs. T. U. at
Transylvania Park.
April 9.—K. S. U. vs. M. T. H. S.
at Louisville.
April 13.—K. S. U. vs. Wesleyan,
Winchester.
April 16—K. S. U. vs. C. U. at
Stoll Field.
April 18.—K. S. U. vs. N. C. A. &
M. at Raleigh N. C.
April 19.—K. S. U. vs. University
of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C.
April 20 and 21.—K. S. U. vs. Trin-
ity College, Durham, N. C.
April 22 and 23.—K. S. U. vs. Uni-
versity of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
April 27.—K. S. U. vs. University of
Cincinnati, at Stoll Field.
April 29.—K. S. U. vs. M. H. S. at
Stoll Field.
April 30.—K. S. U. vs. Georgetown
College, Georgetown, Ky.
May 2.—K. S. U. vs. Paris, Paris.
Kentucky.
May 7.—K. S. U. vs. Georgetown
College, at Stoll Field.
May 11.—K. S. U. vs. Central at
Danville, Ky.
May 12.—K. S. U. vs. Kentucky
School for Deaf at Stoll Field.
May 21—K. S. U. vs. T. U. at Stoll
Field.
K. S. U. vs. DePauw at Stoll Field.
May 25—K. S. U. vs. Georgetown
College at Georgetown, Ky.
May 28.—K. S. U. vs. Central at
Stoll Field.
May 31.—K. S. U. vs. T. U. at
Transylvania Park.
There may be several other dates on
the Southern trip but the above sched-
ule only gives the games for which
contracts have been signed.

THE
IDEA SYNDICATE
IS GUILTY OF
THIS
PUBLICATION

THE IDEA
OF
University of Kentucky

ALL VISITORS
WITH A GROUCH
WILL PLEASE
CALL AT THE
EDITOR'S OFFICE
IN PATAGONIA

Vol. II.

LEXINGTON, KY., APRIL 21, 1910

No. 31

JUST THOU

By PERRY CASSIDY



THE poet Omar, speaking of his love,
Soars up in gentle grandeur, far above
His other rhapsodies of palm and wine.
That one great sentence thrills us even now:
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou."
"Twas thus that Omar loved—a love divine.

* * * * *

Bend down, that I may whisper in thy ear.
But no, I care not if the world may hear,
For what eare I of aught if thou art near?
My love shall feast my famished soul for aye,
I want no bread when such ambrosia's nigh.
The life may go, but love can never die.
To look into thine eyes, is wine to me,
Nectar far rarer than a wine could be,
To quaff of thy sweet smile, to look at thee.
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou."
Here at thy feet I make my solemn vow:
I want no bread, no wine,—dear one just thou!

(By William H. Townsend.)

Day was fast drawing to a close, the wanling twilight was nestling closer and closer within the somber mantle of darkness. The moon had risen and the man therein happened to be in a particularly loquacious and reminiscent mood.

"Yes," said he, "I have seen many strange happenings in my time and many of the important incidents in history have been enacted under my gaze. I illuminated the pathway of the shepherds, as they watched their flocks, on distant hills; I paid my tribute, in a halo of light, to the silent form of the Son of Man as he hung upon the cruel Cross of Calvary; I looked down upon the upturned faces of Napoleon's dead heroes, as they lay on the ill-fated field of Waterloo.

I have seen so many peculiar and unexpected occurrences that almost nothing surprises me, yet the tale, that I shall narrate this evening, is one, which, even to me with my wide and varied experiences, is the strangest of the strange. It is so weird and unnatural that when it occurs I am always glad to conceal my face behind the friendly covering of a passing cloud.

Words can but faintly describe this singular phenomena. It has taken place, with never failing regularity, for so many cycles of years that, to my aged mind and enfeebled memory, I can not recall where it did not exist.

This occurs simultaneously with the appearance of a comet, known to Earth Beings, as Halley's. I shall attempt to describe this scene, which takes place every seventy-five years. Situated on the left bank of the upper Nile is a gigantic pyramid. It is of the most massive and ponderous type and within its walls rest the mortal remains of departed dynasties of Egypt.

Every seventy-five years Halley's Comet in its majestic sweep, crosses the horizon of the Egyptian sky and, as this wonderful phenomena hangs in the heavens in all its glory, the simple peasants and country folks of all ages have felt vague forebodings of danger and have muttered to themselves "What means this? What means this?" Yet if they could but witness the happenings around this ancient pyramid they would be more firmly convinced than ever, that the comet is an object of evil omen.

Just about the hour of 1 a. m., on the night when the comet reaches its full brilliancy, as I look down upon the rugged structure, a death-like stillness creeps over the realm of Nature. The night wind dies away; the trees remain motionless, even the stars

cease their twinkling—then one entire side of the tomb sinks noiselessly to the earth, leaving a yawning chasm where, a few moments before, there had been a solid wall.

My moon-beams scamper inside and illuminate the dark interior. In the center of the pyramid in the chamber of the dead, musty and damp with age. The walls are slightly crumbling from the inside, and the hand of Time has almost totally erased the fantastic figures, which once decorated them. Arranged along one side of the chamber are the stone caskets containing bodies of the kings; upon the floor are vases fragile and beautiful and in the center stands the grotesque form of an unknown god.

Suddenly a hollow, sepulchral voice speaks; a voice weird and terrible in its earnestness and in a unintelligible tongue. It resounds among the crevices and just as the dying echoes sink away into silence there is a rattling sound; the caskets fall apart, and shadowy forms arise therefrom. One by one they appear until twelve apparitions, clad in the habiliments of the tomb, stand side by side awaiting the guidance of that mysterious voice.

Again it speaks and they march with perfect step, through the opening, into the outer world. They are not encased in the bandages of mummies but are clad in flowing robes of a peculiar pattern. The specters turn with one accord, to the blazing comet and fall prostrate on their faces, then arising they join their fleshless hands together. The mysterious voice begins a mournful chant and with the creaking of bones and joints; snapping their jaws together in time to the au them, always with their eyeless sockets turned toward the comet, these phantoms of buried ages perform their tribal dance.

For sometime this continues, then the chant ceases, the voice utters, once more, the deep tone of command. The figures pause: touch their skulls to the earth, and then file slowly back into the shadowy recesses of the tomb. One by one they sink into the caskets of stone. There is a slight rustling as though they were adjusting their bones for the long sleep; a sigh as low, and yet so distinct and ghost-like, that even I turn pale and shudder, runs along the musty corridors. The walls fall silently into place.

There they sleep, totally unmindful of the flight of Time, awaiting the command of that mysterious voice, which to them is aw; awaiting that wonderful phenomena of Nature which, after years of wandering along the most remote portions of its orbit, will return and call them forth from their dreamless sleep.

THE IDEA.

THE IDEA

Published every Thursday by THE IDEA SYNDICATE of the State University of Kentucky for the benefit of the students, the faculty and the alumnae of that institution.

Not full of tiresome technicalities, but of real interesting University news. The object of the syndicate is to teach journalism to the members; to have the members fill the paper with news written in correct English, and to put the paper before those interested in College news.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR, FIVE CENTS THE COPY
Entered at Lexington Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

Address all communications to Editor-in-Chief, 630 West High St.

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W. G. CLUGSTON - - - - Managing Editor

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The following members of The Idea Syndicate issued this paper:

P. B. Blakemore, R. Adams, A. C. Elliott, O. H. Baird, Miss Cary Williams.

The following members of The Idea Syndicate will issue next week's paper:

H. F. McKenney, A. McClure, G. Becker, A. F. Baker, Miss Mattie Cary.

LITERARY EDITION.

As stated in last week's Idea, this issue is more of an experiment than anything else. Except for the weekly English exercises, the students at State do not have a chance of trying their literary ability, and with nothing but a good grade to reward a good production, not much interest is taken.

It is a good plan to test one's ability occasionally by some extra effort at improvement, for what we can do, is not what we think we can do, but what we actually do.

It was indeed a pleasure to look over the hundred or so compositions that were offered for publication, and we sincerely thank those students who had interest enough in this issue to submit the results of their efforts.

We wish to thank Prof. Mackenzie and his assistants, Mr. Farquhar and Wallace, for the co-operation they gave in obtaining the best material possible.

All persons having compositions printed in this issue may obtain five copies of this edition and a subscription to the Idea for the rest of the year by seeing Mr. Prewitt, the circulating manager.

NEW COMMANDANT.

Col. Corbusier received the following order the first of this week:

War Department.

Wash., April 15, 1910.

By direction of the President, 1st Lieut. Hugh M. Kelly, 26th Infantry, is detached as professor of military science and tactics at the State University of Kentucky, to take effect July 15, 1910. Vice 1st Lieut. P. W. Corbusier, 7th Cavalry who is relieved from duty at the University to take effect that date, and will then proceed to join his regiment. Lieut. Kelly will proceed at the proper time to Lexington and report in person on or about July 1, 1910, to the president of the University for duty, the travel directed is necessary in the military science.

By order of the Sec. War.

TASKER H. BLISS,
Brig. Gen.

Acting Chief of Staff.

mended as a soldier and a gentleman, and Major Corbusier speaks very highly of him. Lieut. Kelly besides being a good soldier, is a magazine writer of no little distinction.

The University as a whole, is very sorry indeed to see Major Corbusier's place filled by a stranger, no matter how capable. In the short time that the "Colonel," as he is generally called, has been here, he has made himself the most popular and well-known person in the University. He has given his spare time to athletics, and although opposed by some highest in authority, has worked as hard, if not harder, than any one else to encourage and buildup athletics at the University of Kentucky. Those who know him, know him to be a perfect gentleman, and whose personal attraction is remarkable.

The Colonel will leave for Fort Riley upon being relieved, and he expects his regiment to leave for the Philippines some time in October.

State's base ball team defeated the Central team last Saturday by a score of ten to four. Hillenmeyer pitched a great game for State, and all of the team played a star game. Giltner, Hillenmeyer, and Meadows, did the heavy hitting for State.

Capt. Peter C. Harris, of the General Staff, will inspect the Cadet Battalion on the morning of Monday, April 25th. The battalion last year was reported as one of the best six inspected by Capt. Lenahan, who inspected all the Southern colleges. The battalion is in better condition this year than last, and great results are expected.

The annual Tap day exercises of the honorary fraternity, Lamp and Cross, will be held at four p. m., on Friday, during the battalion parade. The ten most popular members of the Junior class will be tapped by the Senior members of the fraternity. The beautiful ceremony will be followed Friday night by the annual dance, given in the gymnasium in honor of the pledges.

The play, "What to Expect at College," has been postponed until next

year when it will be presented by the Senior class during Commencement week.

The play was started too late in the year to be successful, and lacked support that would have been necessary to make it a success.

Work is rapidly progressing on the Annual, and the printers expect to have it finished by May 1st. From the amount of time and money spent on the production, it promises to be the best annual ever issued by a Senior class.

A BREEZE FROM THE SOUTH.

By Perry Cassidy.

It is sun-set in the Blue Grass, and the few clouds that float in the West, form a bank of gorgeous color, ranging from cardinal and vermillion at the horizon, to a golden yellow at the zenith.

The billowy blue grass shows by its purple lustre that the month is June, and a breeze from the South sends wave upon wave of blue across the rolling meadows.

There is a far prettier picture in a shady corner of one of the meadows. It is a horse and a girl, both the highest type of their race. The horse comes from a long line of saddle horses, and is the result of a hundred years of careful selection and training. His beautiful chestnut coat is as soft as silk, and his very bearing proclaims his superior lineage.

The girl is not behind the horse in point of birth, for she is a descendant of the early pioneers who lived in the Blue Grass when turkey and deer roamed through the cane brakes, and when the war whoop of an Indian was no novelty.

She is fair beyond description, a noble example of the matchless beauty of Kentucky women. The girl has her arm around the graceful neck of the horse, and is speaking to him in her liquid Southern accent. The intelligent animal seems to understand perfectly all that is said to him.

"I had to do it, Champ. You know that I never would have done it in the world if I could have helped it. You know when father died, and we had to sell every thing to pay his creditors, that I gave up every thing so that I could keep you. It hurt to see mother have to save and worry so every day, but I could not give up you. But now that mother is sick, and has to have a good doctor, I must do it sweetheart. I must do it.

I will never ask any of our kinfolk for help, because they were so bitter in their objections to mother marrying father. I lay awake all last night trying to think of some other way, and cried myself to sleep this morning after I had come to the conclusion there was none.

I sold you to Mr. McDowell this afternoon, after he promised that the person he was buying you for would take good care of you. The price agreed upon is one thousand dollars, and he knows that it is a bargain at that. Oh, Champ, it seems like blood money, and it will take all that to cure mother. It is breaking my heart to lose you, Champ, and nothing can cure that.

I must tell you good-bye for ever, now Champ. They will send for you in the morning, and I am going to lock myself in my room and pull the shades down, until I know you are gone, for I could not bear to see a stranger lead you away."

The girl pressed her cheek against the horse's velvety face, and the warm tears that rolled down her cheek moistened the face of the horse.

The wail of a negro returning from the field awoke the stillness with a minor melody, and vanished into silence:

Pathe

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THE IDEA.

"Oh, sinnah mou'nin' in de dusty road,
Hyeah's de minute fu' to dry yo'
eye:
Dey's a moughty One a-comin' fu' to
bain' yo' load;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de king go
by."

The shadows melted into one; the
breeze died down; and in a blaze of
glory, the sun sank in the distance.
* * * * *

Briscoe Bachman was enjoying himself thoroughly. It was an ideal summer day, and the horse he was on was the best one he had ever ridden. He had looked for a good horse to take back home, ever since the University had closed, and his agent had found this one for him a few days ago. He considered it a lucky find, for the horse was certainly a good one. He had been informed that the original owner had expressed his desire of having the horse retain the name he had given him: Champ. As Briscoe could think of no better name, he let it go at that.

Briscoe had ridden the last mile at a brisk canter, and had become quite warm, so he looked around him for a spring to quench his thirst. He spied a clump of willows that looked down as if they might border a spring, and so vaulting from the saddle, he tied the horse to the fence, in the shade of a thicket of walnut trees, and made for the spring.

It was a cool little spring that bubbled up from the rocks, and rippled on through the water-cress and mint. Briscoe drank his fill, and then sat down to enjoy the natural beauty of the cool and inviting spot.

He enjoyed it for some time, but finally thinking of his horse, he returned to the road, when he reached the grove of walnut trees, he was very much surprised to hear a voice on the far side. Cautiously advancing, he was still more surprised to see a young lady patting his horse on the nose and talking to him. As he wondered, he heard the following:

"And how are they treating yoh, Champ? You look well enough, and I see from your flanks that he does not use spurs. It was awful to have to sell you, and I have never gotten over it."

Briscoe waited to hear no more, but being a gentleman, turned back and retraced his footsteps. He went up the fence some distance, and crossing over to the road, walked toward his horse and the young lady. He tried to whistle a tune to give warning of his approach, but to save himself he could not think of one. As he was almost upon the two, the only thing he could do was to clear his throat. The young lady looked up with a startled "Oh!", but the frightened look on her face turned to a smile as she recognized the intruder.

"Why Briscoe, what are you doing in this part of the country? I thought that you would leave for home after school was over."

"No, Clem, I have been hunting for a good saddle horse ever since then."

"You seem to have found what you were hunting for. Is this your horse?"

"Yes, I bought him the other day. Isn't he a beauty?"

"He most certainly is. You know he used to be my horse."

"No? Is that so? How on earth did you ever happen to sell him?"

Clem blushed, but she would not lie about it. It was no disgrace.

"He was too good a horse for me. I could not afford him."

Briscoe was cruel.

"Don't you miss him?"

"Yes, I am such a fool. I cried all day when he left."

Although Briscoe had proposed and been refused no less than ten times, he was never discouraged. The young lady before him was the one who had refused him.

"Clem," said Briscoe, "do you want Champ back?"

"Yes I want him back but that is impossible."

"It is not impossible. You may have him back on one condition."

Clem thereupon acted very rashly.

"And what is it?"

"That I go with him," replied Briscoe.

"This makes the eleventh time," said Clem.

"It does, and if necessary the twelfth will soon follow."

"For fear of the thirteenth being unlucky, after you have proposed again, I will accept the horse."

"I love you," said Briscoe.

"I love you," said Clem.

"Is it me or Champ you want?"

Clem looked at Champ, and then at Briscoe. For an answer, she left the horse and gave Briscoe her hand.

Hand in hand they walked down the road, foliced by the horse, and a breeze from the South gently caressed their lips, and carried their loving words as fealty to the throne of Cupid.

MY TOUR OF THE HEAVENS.

By T. C. Hadden.

Years, long years have elapsed since I left this beautiful globe, my home, sweet home, which now seems dearer to me than ever before. I feel now as I know poor Rip Van Winkle must have felt upon his return, as it were to the earth.

It was early in the present century that I left our dear old earth. 'Twas while I was enjoying the pleasures and privileges, bearing the blunts and burdens of a Freshman at the University of Kentucky, situated in the beautiful little city of Lexington which God has so richly blessed.

Being very fond of aerial flights and not being satisfied by aero planes, I made my arrangements, bid a long speed through space, clinging to the tail of Halley's Comet and leaving Mother Earth far behind me.

I soon became acquainted with many gentlemen from various territorial borders and who were to be my companions on my tour of the heavens.

The earth soon faded from our sight and I was left clinging to that comet tail out in the midst of a large quantity of space. For a while I was very much frightened and sea sick. Then my head swam and swam, until—well, it was tired of swimming. But I knew that I must not drop from my position for I knew not where to light. It suffices to say that I remained where I was.

My friends were very kind to me and I soon became accustomed to the great velocity with which we were moving.

We moved on and time moved on, my beard grew very exceedingly long. We passed many heavenly bodies about which my friends were very kind to explain much to me. I got a very fine view of Mars, Jupiter, Nupture and many other important bodies.

But I must hasten on. As we passed through the Milky Way each of our party succeeded in dipping from it a bucket of milk. This was the most delightful milk I had ever tasted.

On we moved and I began to realize that I was getting very old. My hair was white and my beard was long. My companions had left the comet and I was left, an old man, alone in the midst of space, not knowing whether I should ever see old earth again. But suddenly I became frightened and forgot my sorrows for I saw that I was approaching very near to the sun. Soon we were at our nearest point to the sun. The comet went faster and faster but it seemed that the great ball of fire would draw us into its great depths of fire. I was clinging tighter and tighter. The heat grew very intense, so intense that I was robbed of my beard and hair.

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THE IDEA.

WERE YOU EVER FRIGHTENED?

By S. L. Gruber.

My bedroom led from the back hall only a short distance from the living room. The gas jet in the living room had a patent self-lighting attachment. There was seldom a light in my bedroom.

One night I awoke to find that I had grasped someone's hand. I pulled and found that my other hand was held securely in a grip of iron.

My heart came jumping and thumping into my throat. I kicked the Roveret off, not daring to turn loose of the intruder. I started to go to the light in the living room. It seemed that I could hear his heavy breathing, could feel his hot breath upon me.

I have always had a horror of being borne across the unfathomable sea into the great beyond if there is no light on this side. Every minute I expected to feel the cold blade of a dagger against my breast. I don't believe I could have screamed, had I tried. In vain I attempted to free my hand. It appeared from the difficulty I had in holding the hand of the burglar or murderer, that he was making a frantic effort to escape.

Noiselessly I pulled the villain into the living room. His grip on my hand tightened as I drew him towards the light.

I fumbled at the chain, pulled and the room was flooded with light. Instead of seeing a rough, uncouth vagabond with glittering eyes, hissing between his teeth, there appeared a very peculiar and strange spectacle. I beheld myself holding my left wrist with my right hand.

The mystery had been explained.

I turned off the gas and slipped away to bed. To this day, I have never told anyone of this, the greatest fright of my life.

THE MOUNTAINS.

By Edith Stivers.

There are many mountains in the south eastern part of Kentucky which add very much to the scenery of the country. On their sloping sides are great trees towering aloft till their separate heads are lost in the mass of foliage above. The many bushes and vines choke the spaces between the trunks. On the higher peaks of the mountains there are straggling birches and pines, while along the sides are maples, oaks, and many other kinds.

The sun light does not penetrate the roofed archway of murmuring leaves except where the mountains have cleared an opening. The mountaineers' grim, harsh, lives are strangely fascinating and full of adventurous toil and danger. They resemble one another in customs and in their mode of life. None but natures as strong, and as freedom-loving as theirs could endure life in the mountains the year around. They like the out-door life and plain, simple living. Many mountaineers are engaged in the lumber business for they can cut logs from the forests along the mountain sides. They are kind hearted people but are a little difficult to get along with as they generally have an exaggerated idea of their personal rights.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

Never in my life did I spend a few hours more pleasantly than I did last spring in a little village, seated near the source of the rustless Colorado. There, surrounded on all sides by huge, frowning cliffs, dwelt a population to whom civilization is an absolute stranger. Indeed, they may be recognized as a slowly dying remnant of cliff dwellers. Their rude huts of undressed stone and red clay, are carelessly strewn about in the narrow, cramped vale. The little settlement may be more logically compared to a prairie dog town than to a village.



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The Aggies at Missouri have started a contribution fund to buy chimes for the University clock.

Illinois university has a married women's club among its organizations.

"The Mikado" will be presented by the students of the University of California about the middle of April.

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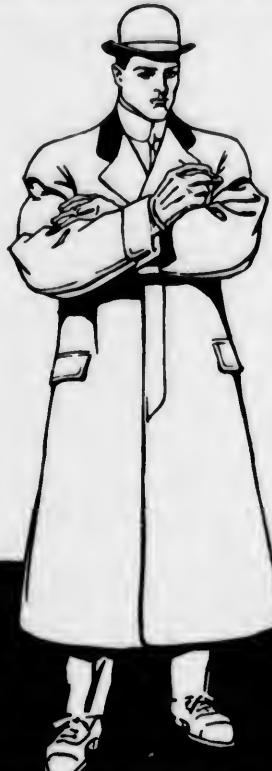
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The male inhabitants lurk privily about the settlement apparently giving no time or attention to any kind of employment.

The female inhabitants apparently exceed the male in number. These are earnestly employed at gardening, trinket weaving and in a rude way nurturing the young.

Just at dusk, all assemble around a huge bonfire and each squaw to her respective spouse, delivers a short prayer, uttered in a peculiar tone of an unbroken tongue.

A TOWN CHARACTER.

By W. C. Halbert.

Jim is a day laborer in the town of U..... He is very tall and thin, with narrow cardiverous features, square shoulders and large hands and feet. He wears ill-fitting clothes, usually too small for him, with a hat perched just over one ear. He is fond of whistling hymns at the top of his lungs while walking and keeps time with his long shambling ground-covering stride. Though a hard worker Jim tries to be a sport. He has been married several times, and he likes to relate his martial adventures to the loungers of the town barber shop. He always laughs heartily at his own jokes, and is delighted whenever he makes a hit. Jim is in his greatest glory on Sunday. He goes to Sunday school and church, dressed in his best clothes. He is not like the Jim on week days. Now he is reserved and dignified. He puts a penny on the plate with the air of a lord. He always sings, and his shrill voice can usually be heard above all the rest. Jim is an odd mixture of queer parts. He is generally happy and good natured, yet is aroused easily to anger. His laxness on some occasions and his dignity on others form a strong contrast. His personal appearance alone would be enough to attract attention, but when added to a contradictory nature such as his, they form a character that is seldom met with.

A LAKE VIEW.

As I sat in Jackson Park, upon the shore of that beautiful body of water, Lake Michigan, I thought this must indeed be very much like the great and mysterious ocean.

The sky was cloudless but the rays of the August sun were tempered by the strong wind which was coming in from the lake. The broad expanse of water spread out before me as far as I could see, and faded into the distant mist. The waves rolled in upon the shore and broke with a great splash. An occasional whitecap, more vigorous than its companions, dashed up almost to my feet, sprinkling me with its spray. Here and there along the shore were groups of little boys searching for shells and pretty rocks, which the storm of the preceding night had chanced to leave. With their feet bare and their trousers rolled high above their knees, they would venture far down the shore when the waves had receded, only to be chased back by an incoming breaker.

"MOTOR-BOAT" CAMPING.

The sun had long past hidden itself behind the huge river hills and darkness had sunk like smoke in a heavy atmosphere over the valley when Tolman, Coivin and I dropped down in front of our little tent.

The negro cook was busy washing the dishes in the light of the glimmering camp fire at the side of a little branch a few feet away, he was tired out from the eight hours of continual "chug! chug!" of the little gasoline engine that had

worked so faithfully in bringing us seventy-five miles up stream.

Where we had all spread our bunks and stretched out our weary bones for the night, the dull bellow let out from the whistle of an approaching tow-boat came to our ears. This was a miserable sound to me for it meant that our launch would have to be taken from its shallow rock moorings to the deep waters across the river lest its cast iron propeller beneath be broken off by the tossing of the waves from the big steamer.

HIPPODROME.

There is an act closing the show at the Hippodrome this week which for real worth as a novelty musical conception, has not been approached by any attraction of the same nature on the local stage for several months. The act opens with a dark stage, a trio singing in the distance and when the lights come on, an attractive drop shows several ships at anchor and The Three Copelands' attired as sailors, who sing another song or two, play a selection; two of the trio using mandolins and the other a harp guitar; and offer a boiled down monologue by the comedian of the trio and finish their work by singing "Brady," a tragedy coon song, using their own accompaniment. This song depicts the fate of "Brady," who failed to leave in time when pursued by a "cul'lad gemmen" with a "gatlin gun" and is the only tragedy coon song being used today. Holland, Webb and Company, in "The Silver Sword" Jones and Grenier, comedians; Miss Addie StAlva, comedienne and Phillips and Evelyn complete the bill.

Dime novel publishers say that New York boys have lost their taste for Indian and desperadoes. "It's not the Slimy Sam stuff that the boys like nowadays," said one of them. "We have to keep a lot of writers at work to fit new wants. They put aeroplanes instead of pinto ponies and have the hero toss the villain off a sky-scraper instead of from a cliff. Dime novels have to be kept up with the times just the same as everything else in this town. But in the country we can sell the old standbys just as we always did."

—New York Sun.

"Yes, there are genuine diamonds, all right," said the owner of a downtown laundry as he drew a pair of heavy links from a gentleman's shirt. "Often happen? Why, took here?" and he drew open a small box and displayed a dozen links and collar buttons. "These came in this week. Some are valuable, some are not, but a dishonest dealer could really make a small fortune in a year's time. We don't find much jewelry in women's apparel. They are not as forgetful as men in this respect."

—New York Sun.

"What do you think, now, Bobbie?" asked his mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—Exchange.

Hallef's comet was sighted Tuesday by the Paris observatory. The officials say the comet seems to have a considerably enlarged tail, which, being perpendicular to the earth, impedes observation of the body.

In the forty years, 1868 to 1908, Japan's yearly foreign trade increased from \$13,000,000 to \$407,000,000.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

BANQUET GIVEN BY MYSTIC THIRTEEN.

On the night of April 16th, a banquet was given by the Mystic Thirteen Society at the Phoenix Hotel. The banquet was given in honor of the new men who are: Clark, Collins, Galser, Hager, Hart, Hogan, Howard, Schmid, Thiesing, Threlkeld, Wilmore, Goodwin, and Bright.

MENU.

Grape Fruit

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Weloune by Toastmaster | |
| Bovillon En Tasse | |
| Celery Branches | Queen Olives |
| | |
| Toasts | |
| Rauilade of Sole Aurora | |
| Gustroname Potatoes | |
| Punch a la Phoenix | |
| | |
| Toasts | |
| Broiled Squals | Drawn Butter |
| Julienne Potatoes | |
| French Peas in Cases. | |
| | |
| Toasts | |
| Lettuce and Tomato Salad | |
| | |
| Toasts | |
| Neapolitan Ice Cream | Cakes |
| | |
| Finale | |
| | |
| Coffee | |

The alumni present were: W. K. Prewitt, Winchester; Geo. Mills, Howell Spears, White Gwyn, J. F. Battaile, T. C. Carroll, Doc Rodes, J. H. Combs, Priest Kemper, J. S. Crosswhite, H. C. McKee, L. E. Hillmeyer, C. K. Bain, C. G. Taylor, C. A. Sutherland, W. C. Fox, Bob Adams, Robt. Mays, Reed Wilson, Berk Hedges, Phil Holloway, Jim Cary, Pete Garret, Geo. Hendrickson, Geo. Dunalap, W. A. Olenchain, Sprig Elbert, Bob Hailey and William Wallace.

FOUNDER'S DAY BANQUET.

The members of the Alpha XI Delta Sorority entertained with their annual banquet in honor of Founder's Day, Saturday, April 16th, at the Phoenix Hotel. The Banquet was beautiful in every detail, the long table was exquisitely decorated in pink roses, the sorority flower, and the other decorations were in the same pink tones. The place-cards were unique and exquisite in design, combining the sorority symbols with representations of the season. They were the work of one of the Alpha girls.

After the menu all lights except the soft shaded candle lights were extinguished, and the following toasts were responded to, Lida Jones presiding as toast-mistress.

The Day We Celebrate. Toast-mistress "The Ten".....Anna Wallis
"The Ideal Alpha Girl".....
.....Annie Louise Dean
Founder's Day Poem... Toast-mistress "The Fellows".....Addie Lee Dean

The Alphas present were: Eva Mary Nunnelly, Mary Lockridge, Anna Wallis, Lillian Ferguson, Lillian DeJarnatt, Addie Dean, Babe Simrall, Annie Dean, Nell Wallis and Lida Jones.

Patronesses, Mrs. Caroline Wallis and Mrs. J. D. Turner.

FRESHMEN DANCE.

For the first time in the history of the University the Freshmen class has

assumed the obligation of giving a dance. We know that this is an unprecedented action, but we trust that by it we are not infringing upon the rights of our honored superiors. We feel that our actions of the past year as a class are deserving of this privilege.

Consequently on Friday evening, May the 13th, the class of '13' will give their dance in the Armory Hall, beginning at 8:30. Everyone is cordially invited. The faculty and their wives are especially urged to be present. Come and enjoy the good-will of the class of '13.'

COLLEGE ORATORY.

Tomorrow evening at 7:45 o'clock there will begin one of the greatest contests ever waged between Kentucky colleges.

Central University, Kentucky Wesleyan, Kentucky State, Transylvania, and Georgetown College, is the order in which the schools will compete for the forty dollar gold medal offered for the best oration.

The Kentucky Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association has been holding its contests each year for twenty-three years. Last year it met at Georgetown College and State went over in two special cars and woke up the peaceful burg with hideous college yells. Friday night Georgetown is going to retaliate with all its host of rooters and fill a big portion of our Chapel. Both C. U. and Wesleyan say they are bringing over a noisy bunch with the intention of winning, and T. U. of course, will be here with every preacher from her shrine.

The Chapel will be tastefully decorated in the various college colors and music will be in abundance.

This is the first time in five years that the Kentucky Oratorical Contest has been held at State, and we owe it to our representative, Mr. Payne, and especially to our University, to show our spirit and be on the spot.

The contest will begin before 8 o'clock and be over with by ten o'clock so that any one can attend both the contest and the Lamp and Cross Dance.

The speakers are J. H. McCord, of C. U.; G. Griffith, of K. U. C.; J. H. Payne, of State; R. C. Foster, of T. U.; and E. J. Caswell, of Georgetown.

The price of admission is twenty-five cents, which sum goes toward buying the medal and paying the expenses of the distinguished judges.

Remember Friday evening, April 22, 7:45 o'clock, State University Chapel, Oratory that is sure enough oratory, the best of five colleges, your money's worth and a memorable time, five years until another here at State. Let's all go and support our man and see Kentucky State win another victory from other colleges.

STATE vs. GEORGETOWN.

The Annual Inter-collegiate Debate will be held this year in the K. S. U. Chapel against Georgetown. This will be the first time for many years that State and Georgetown will war with words.

Georgetown has lost in her debates against C. U. and T. U. for the last four years, and for this reason she is making every effort to win this year against State. She has the strongest team that she has ever had, and is now rejoicing over her going-to-be victory.

The question is Resolved: "That Woman Should Be Allowed Adult Suffrage on Conditions Identical with Man." The question will be affirmed by Chandler, Graham and Wells of

Georgetown and denied by Will H. Townsend, H. A. Babb, and O. E. Baird representing State University.

FRESHMEN BASE BALL.

The prospects for a winning Freshman base ball team are the best that have ever been known in the history of the University.

Games are being scheduled with such teams as Frankfort High School, Frankfort Y. M. C. A., K. W. C. Second Team, G. C., Second Team, and Millersburg Team.

We hope that every member of the class who has had any experience in playing ball will see the captain or manager and arrange to come out for practice at one early date.

Our first real match of the season will be played on Stoll Field, Saturday, April 23d, with G. C. second team.

We trust that the student body will see fit to support the team with their presence.

W. C. WILSON, Mgr.
R. C. PRESTON, Capt.

THE HUNTER.

By J. C. Carter.

The blood and gold sunset through low, threatening clouds found him slowly paddling up the clear lake. All was silent except the occasional hysterical laughter of a loon.

Over clear, blue, depths he passed, where large fish lay fanning themselves in the cool. On his right lay the dense forest, enveloped in oppressive darkness. The canoe was now drifting, not a breathe of air stirred. The occupant of the canoe, a young man, bronzed, roughly dressed, sat holding his head between his hands. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a loud splash near the shore. The young man straightening, saw a large deer, standing knee-deep in the water. Now all was excitement, the report of a gun rang over the lake, the noble stag, sprang high in the air, and fell never more to rise.

PATTERSON HALL.

By Carrie Salinger.

Through a spacious lawn a driveway leads from a terrace, surrounded by a wall of limestone to the main entrance of Patterson Hall.

Beautiful old forest trees dot the well kept lawn and flowering shrubs give their fragrance to the air. The drive way as it approaches the building forms a circle in the center of which a bed of tulips brightens the scene with its many clouded blossoms.

The building is a brick structure, three stories in height with basement and attic. It is trimmed in Bedford stone, making an effect very pleasing. A large porch extends along the front of the building, its ends being enclosed by two wings that extend on either side. The roof of the porch is supported by stone columns rising from a balustrade of the same material. The State emblem is seen cut in stone above the front doors. The stateliness and impressiveness of the Hall seem to pervade the very atmosphere.

WINDS.

By P. Garman.

Midst the blustering Ides of March, when the student winds his way so joyously to class, when so many new and fresh ideas are wafted in upon the gentle breeze, when multitudes of thoughts crash from the heights and then are lost forever, consider friend, how well old Nature works in harmony.

'Tis now the hot blast furnace of odious chemistry and idiotic physics are straining every band and rivet to catch the unsuspecting culprits in those iron paws of mighty "flunk 'em out." 'Tis now each sly and sententious "Prof." so cautiously omits important nothingness which he has long deemed excellent for the final round up. And yet, as mongst unpleasant gusts of wind, gentler, counter currents of a milder, sweeter kind offset the ill effects of harsh discordant passages, so the sun occasionally peeps out upon delightful arbor days (?) and listens to the murmuring winds which move in keeping with the celestial music of the stars.

The Senior bursts into a bloom of wide expanse of white and airing his handsome curly locks beneath which rests a void of unquestionable magnitude. Still more pleasant than such splendid beauty, comes the echo from the ball field. How it thrills us, and how gieefully we tremble as we listen to the message borne along to the exquisite melody of "eighteen to nine," or "fifty-nine to thirty-nine," or greatest of all, "ten to four."

A SUMMER EVENING.

By R. L. Pawesr.

The long, hot and noisy July day had at last drawn to a close. The last rays of the sinking sun glowed for a moment on the western window panes, then vanished. A deep gray shadow growing darker and darker covers all things. Pensive evening deepens into night a cliff bat whirls here and there. The cry of a Whip-Poor-Will, with the chilly scream of the owl, float clearly over the Valey from the woods on the opposite side. While from dawn by the silent brook comes the low, base chug-chug of the big bull frog. All nature seems to be in a sweet reverie.

Now a light peeps forth from the window of an old farm house on yonder hill; away to the West another; one by one the stars come out. On the Eastern horizon the moon is gently viewing her domain. Now only the solitary twinkle at a distant sheep fold meets my ear. The gloaming is past, twilight is gone, and the kind old moon now reigns supreme.

A COUNTRY LANE.

By Lee Hunt.

Late one afternoon in July while out horse-back riding, I suddenly came into a lane that I will long remember as the quietest and most typical country driveway imaginable. It was very narrow and traveled so little that when I looked down it, it appeared as three parallel paths stoutly contending for their existence with their enemy—the crab grass. The briers and bushes had grown far out into it until they scraped the spokes of every passing vehicle. These had almost hidden the old rotting rail fences on each side, but in turn formed an almost impassable barrier. The young rabbits were out for their afternoon play in the dust and were so gentle that they only slipped into the briars till I passed then resumed their frolic with new vigor. The lazy toad frogs were out in the road looking for a few bugs upon which to make their supper. Occasionally I could hear the clear notes of a bob white, perched high on a stump in some distant field.

I have always thought of this lane as the most picturesque and most nature revealing place that I have ever come upon while riding in the country.